

TOIKE ~~ONE~~ ~~THREE~~ ~~ONE~~ ~~THREE~~ OLLUM TE, CHOLLUM TE CHAY SCHOOL OF SCIENCE SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY



THE COMING DOWNFALL OF THE CAPITALIST SOCIETY?

— Brian M. Leatham

Lately, our dedicated radicals on campus have done an especially great job of explaining to us that there is no hope for society as we know it. Using such terms as the headline of this article they have plainly told us that there is no possibility of change coming in this system. They will not be satisfied until they have instituted some brave new world of peace, freedom and an end to the structured society. These sentiments, lest you imagine that I am taking the Varsity too seriously, may even be found in the publication of the Maths and Physics students, the "Quark" where a latter day Pangloss named Tony Leah reported:

"In order to bring about change we have to attack the

basis of the problems, we have to attack capitalism."

Never mind for a moment that the capitalist society no longer really exists. Please don't think I mind that he carries on in this fashion. What bothers me is that so many of the rest of us seem to be accepting this as inevitable. Whether you or I am particularly enamored with our society makes no difference. It is merely time to point out that there just isn't going to be a revolution in this country wherein the corporate interests are thrown out and some wonderful student-peasant-worker coalition gains control of the power. Rather there is a revolution going on today which our friendly radicals have turned their backs on in great disdain. This one, unlike the

fantasy assumed by the radicals, involved real people and practical ideas and worst of all to the radical mind, considerable effort. This revolution is being perpetrated by those much maligned wishy-washy liberals and other hopelessly backward people who believe in this country. The difference in this revolution is that it is a peaceful one which will succeed.

With regard to the overthrow of capitalism or even the downfall of our society however, don't you find that your patience is wearing thin at hearing this prediction? It seems that the prophets of our destruction have been around as long as those lady plumber and new secret deodorant commercials. I know that the effect is the same (akin to nausea) and I think

that as an act of public kindness we must point this out to them. We must not remain silent while such ignorance abounds.

In view of these conditions the TOIKE pronounces next week "Take a radical to lunch week." Explain the impossibility of his ideas to him while keeping a safe distance away. Show him the meaning of capitalism as you let him pay the check. Agree that money is an evil and help him regain purity by relieving him of his evil. Finally depart with the glowing feeling that you have saved another soul from self-destruction. However if your efforts fail remember that there will always be a place for him in the janitorial staff of the capitalist university. Smile!

HUMOUR?

A Texan got into a poker game with some Englishmen. The cards were dealt and the Englishman to his right bet "One pound".

Looking at the four aces in his own hand, the Texan said, "Ah don't know how you-all count your money, but ah'll raise you a ton."

"Here to Love
And Unity
Soft Sofas
And opportunity"

An Artsman's life has three stages: Tri-Weekly, Try-Weekly, Try Weakly.

The 1966 Engineer's Handbook defines a Metallurgical Engineer as a man who can look at a platinum blonde and tell whether she is virgin metal or a common ore, also Engineers are continually surprised to find that girls with the most streamlined shapes offer the most resistance.

TOIKE LUNACY

Long before the sputnik was built, Skulemen were testing the potency of the Skule cannon to see if they could shoot the moon. However the project was hung up by the inevitable axiom of the universe, Murphy's Law. (If a scientific endeavour can go wrong in F ways, and you have circumvented these problems, then the F+1 way, unprepared for, will promptly develop.)

After solving the (F+1)th problem a secret fuel (distilled in the Walberg building by Knar) was found to allow the cannon to score on the moon. With all in readiness, the day for the abortive attempt was set. Taking advantage of the University situations, the path of the projectile was planned to pass over the SAC office, during a meeting, to obtain extra lift from the huge clouds of hot air issuing forth from within. Upon ignition the cannon spurted forth with such penetrating power that the bull-it not only reached the virgin moon, but broke through its resisting field and deflated it. After the semi-successful score, it was found that all that was left of the moon was a skeletal frame with

怪論居士

written on it.

And so, Sons of Godiva, the moral of this story is: "Don't try shooting the pie in the sky unless you can pay damages."

PLANARIA



WHEN THE RACE FOR THE MOON RUNS ITS COURSE,
AND WOMEN ARE SENT THERE BY FORCE,
WILL THE MEN THEY EMBRACE,
IN THE WORLD'S OUTERSPACE
START TO CALL MAKING LOVE 'OUTER-COURSE'?



TOIKE OIKE

Room 105 — mill bldg. — 928-2916. Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of the University of Toronto.

Editor Peter Renyi
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 Chief Worm Joel Troster
 Amazon & A Half Peggy Duncan
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 Ye Olde Lech Ronald Factor
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 Alice Ken Westbrook

Get Going — Where To?

What's wrong with an editorial, anyway, besides the fact that it sounds sermonizing without really saying anything?

Editorial writers by the dozen dream up what has been known long before, and startled by their own sudden insight, jump at the type-writer and urge all "responsible" people to get off their fat posteriors and do "something". What? Heaven only knows.

Maybe join some old but struggling organization like the NDP, or S.I.N.A. (Society for Indecency of Naked Animals — advocates clothing all beings longer than 6 inches and taller than 4"), or the Birch John Society (wooden seats on every toilet); maybe the Polack Anti-Defamation League — which is actually a soccer team?

Maybe just stand on your head and wave your ears. Maybe. . .

ARTS CAN BE FUNNY

Mr. Ron Factor, last year's Toike Editor, let me in on a dreadful secret.

We all know about the first year English course, which is there, is a course, it's English, and that's it. Not connected with Engineering on any way, it is served to Freshmen by a remarkably uninspired U.C. lecturer who likes it even less than you do. We realize of course what Gulliver's Travels can do to our culture, especially in Grade 9 or so, but we feel there should be a possible choice. Sociology, for example, could be useful for the fledgling Engineer who has to relate all his work to the environment, and thus to society, and he might enjoy learning something.

But, as Mr. Factor, pointed out, if you can pass a year's English course by getting three essays written for you (one by a girlfriend, one for \$5.00 and the third for a bot-

tle of rye), why not do it? It's no trouble and no worries, and it's cheap.

Second year is very much better off with a highly relevant and well-taught Economics course. Still, economics can be dry, and as a "humanity" I would say it is marginal. Why not have additional courses?

Third year is blessed with World History, History of Technology and Political Science, where P.S. is by far the most popular, and I suspect, easiest too.

Fourth year dwells on "Philosophy and Science", which is not bad, they say, and English again, which adds nothing to the graduating class' love for l'Art pour l'Art, and they too would like more options.

What's equally important, they feel there is need for continuity in our four years' worth of humanization, if only to delete the present impression that cultural patchwork, hastily thrown together, is all we can get, from here to eternity.

APPLICATIONS ARE NOW BEING ACCEPTED for ENGINEERING STORES



MANAGER
 For SKULE YEAR 6T9 -7T0
SO IF YOU WANT TO BE



See Brian, Tony or Henrik
 in the (where else) NGYNRINK STORES

LE MESSAGE



DU PRESIDENT

At the December meeting of the Faculty Council of Applied Science and Engineering, the proposal to seat approximately twenty students on the Council was approved. It now rests with the University Senate for final approval. The passing of this motion marks a large step forward for student involvement in Faculty affairs. However its passing also necessitates many changes in the current Engineering Society structure.

The Engineering Society Executive has therefore established a committee that will investigate all pertinent aspects of this proposed change. It is our wish to set up the most viable system possible so that the students can be best represented on the Faculty Council. In order to accomplish this task, this committee needs the ideas and opinions of every interested person in Engineering. We therefore appeal to you for your ideas on the matter.

GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS

VALUE \$6,000 PER ANNUM

A number of scholarships, each valued at \$6,000 per annum (tax free), are available to suitable graduates in any branch of engineering — mech, elec., civil, etc. — or applied science who are interested in a career in the Mining Industry.

These are McGill University scholarships for an advanced course leading to a master's degree in mining engineering.

Applications should be made, before February 3rd, 1969 to:

Chairman,
 Dept. of Mining Engineering & Applied Geophysics,
 McConnell Engineering Building,
 McGill University,
 Montreal 110, P.Q.

These scholarships are sponsored by a group of Canadian Mining Companies.

The class reps and club chairmen should have received by mail a letter which will explain all the details. We hope the class reps will be able to distribute an information sheet and questionnaire on the subject to each and every student. Since the issue concerns not only students but staff too, I am sure that some members of the staff would donate part of a lecture's time to discussion of the matter.

The matter is a very serious one. It means a say in what course changes you want, a say in the policies of the Faculty and numerous other benefits. The Executive of the Engineering Society is looking for your opinion and suggestions, and if you have any, please let us know them

WHY DOES ENGINEERING HAVE A NEW CAFETERIA?

SEE PICTURE BELOW FOR THE ANSWER



BUT
YOU STILL HAVE
TO
BRING YOUR OWN MEAT



VON HEINRICH-SCHMIDT: A MAN AMONG MEN

When the early explorers of America made their first landfall, they had the unforgettable experience of glimpsing a New World that no European had ever seen before them. Moments such as this - first visions of new worlds - are one of the main attractions of exploration. From time to time scientists are privileged to share excitement of the same kind. Such a moment arrived for Dr. Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt one morning in 1936 when he looked at something no one had ever before seen - an n-dimension picture of a phlogstrom molecule. Although many great men such as Paracetus and Priestly had spoken of this molecule, no one had ever seen it - no one, that is until Dr. Schmidt. For such was the genius of this great man. He succeeded where others had failed and bestrode the world of science like a colossus with one foot firmly entrenched in the theory of men who had come before him, while the other roamed in search of new horizons to scan.

For Dr. Schmidt this achievement was the culmination of a life of trial, of frustration and of unequalled scientific accomplishment, a life which began humbly in the Hapsburg Palace in Vienna one morning in 1895. That he was born in the palace seems slightly odd, since his mother was only a cook. But most critics, notably Zuytg



Dkr. Schmidt

and Hoffelmeister, agree that there was nothing odd in this, since his father was a member of the royal family. Which member he was is not known, but it is fairly certain that he was on the male side of the family tree.

As he grew older, it became increasingly apparent that young Archibald was not like the other little boys in the palace whose mothers were cooks and whose fathers belonged to the male side of the family.

However, away from this red herring, we find Dr. Schmidt in Vienna, living with his young mother, a great beauty and well learned in the French arts of cooking. From his mother, young Archibald, as yet without his doctorate degree in the Hamma Gutch, learned the French culinary methods so dear to those of distinguished palate.

Advancing onward with bigger and better techniques, he soon learned he could hold his own without his mother's assistance. He set out at the age of thirty-nine for Amerika, where he learned that the young adventurers had not yet been introduced to

French Techniques.

Rejuvenated by the spirited young thoughts of these young Americans, Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt forayed the country for new positions in universities. Unfortunately, however, he found he could not take these positions without his doctorate in the Hamma Gutch.

Discouraged, he returned to Vienna, to do research in his subject. After several fruitless years of search, he suddenly discovered his subject was multiple! Certain frequencies of the linear phlogiston resulted in energized impulses. The result of the impulse was a multiple subject.

Eureka!

Von Heinrich-Schmidt won his doctorate, and thus his position. French culinary arts were saved.

And to this great discovery we owe the development of Vienna Meats Corporation, and the dozens of other companies that copies these techniques. Meat now can be stored and kept hot in machines, ready to be served in a split second due to the energized multiplier.

And so, we would like to honour this great man by naming our cafeteria (fully equipped with eight of these marvels of ingenuity) after him - the Archibald von Heinrich-Schmidt Cafeteria.

Now doesn't that oggle your urch.
A.A.A.H.

Dear Editor,

In reference to Toike Oike December 17 re Solder Connections: Does Triplicated Majority Voting apply to integrated circuits?

Curious, II APSC

Reply:

It may be interesting to assume a ripple-carry decade counter, composed of four Fairchild DTL flip flop elements, as a typical system for study.

Now notice that the failure rate () of each of these elements has been demonstrated to be 0.09×10^{-6} failures per hour at 90 per cent confidence. Furthermore, the failure rate of a solder connection is 0.007×10^{-6} failures per hour.

Keeping this in mind as well as other TMV factors such as reliability improvement gain versus system reliability apportionment, increased packaging material and packaging costs, the answer to your question can be nothing other than yes.

Ed.

gown, mo-hair vest and padded bra. Hustler's Handbook, a carefully compiled list of names and phone numbers of all the cute squirrels on campus.

Pine Cones, male and female varieties for those who haven't discovered themselves yet.

1 Pair Swimming trunks (world's most talented Dutch Elms).

Bears (both dead and smoked ones).

A Complete Guide to Forestry's witty sayings (you can't see the Forest for the trees ho ho!)



Forest to Vacate Sale

Yes, forestry is being uprooted and moved out to the stix (Erindale) and will be forced to leave a great deal of valuable goods behind. The Toike staff has gotten wind of a special sail being held in mid-February. Some items (Sold at all branch offices) are: PBR uniforms, includes Trinity

CINDERELLA

as told by Procal Spinner

Remember Cinderello, the gas chipper, Gairy Frog Mother, the Crate Garage that became a Puncan at 12:01:227 and the Skule At Home that passed as a Royal Ball? Well, what follows is a fairly incredible distrotion of the old familiar tale into a blurb for the Skule At Home.

Cinderella was quietly doing her diffies as ordered by her evil step-mather Luus and her revolping Sisty Uglers, when in propped the Gairy Frog Mother, dressed, surreptitiously enough, as Stenchie's pregnant bride, Maude (now a stately young matron of decorous demeanor.)

"Would you care to go to the At Home?" asked the GFM, in a voice vaguely reminiscent of Tiny Tim's offset falsetto.

"Yes, indeed," said Cinderella, abandoning at once the thankless task set by her ESM Luus.

"Well, first we must change you into a raving beauty," The CFM then surveyed Cinderella. "No meon task, that," muttered GFM Maude under her tannis root breath, "but I suppose it can be done."

Maude then sent Cinderella scurrying for a collection of aids that made the Engineer-

ing-P&OTS Scavenger Hunt list easy by comparison. Upper-crust on the list were:

the root of minus one, to transform Cinderella into a Lagrangian beauty;

five of Graydon's Raiders, to pull the Crate Garage;

the yellow Lotus parked outside the Wallberg, to transport Maude to the At Home; and The Puncan, to act as the Crate Garage.

the gas chippers were thrown in as a courtesy gift.

Thus GFM Maude transformed the bedraggled and de-ronged Cinderella into a raving Lagrangian beauty, fit for the Bonnie Prince Charming she would meet that night.

Ah, what an evening. She could have danced all night...and should have, as she found out later, for BPC was a real mover. Such sweet bliss — and such horrible, wrenching pain when she had to leave the ball. But she knew if she left her gas chipper, Bonnie Prince Charming would find her again, and she would live happily every after, locked in Maude's clever demise as a Lagrangian beauty.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY PRESENTS

SKULE AT HOME

FRIDAY FEBRUARY 7, 9 PM—2 AM

SEAWAY TOWERS HOTEL

WITH

THE BENNY LOUIS ORCHESTRA

AND

THE RIFFKIN

AND

THE LGMB

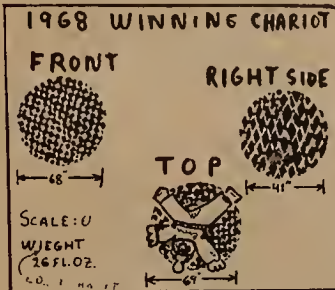
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IT
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THE DAY IS JANUARY 31

THE ENGINEERING RALLYE

by Mel Orecklin

Enjoy it, then try the 69th edition of the Engineering Road Rallye. Can you keep hard at it for 4 to 10 hours, is your machine built to stand a 160 mile tortuous passage through Canada's undergrowth? Willing to attempt the challenge, Engineers? (Artsies, if they ask politely and behalf themselves, can participate too). The entrance is Convocation Hall, 9:00 am on Saturday, February 1, 1969.

Never driven in a rallye before? don't let your virginity stand in your way. Make your navigator a girl and race into the course with even more vigour.

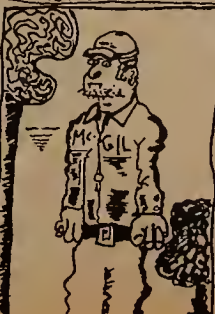
For more information please contact Jim Pigott (3d APSC) at 923-7072.



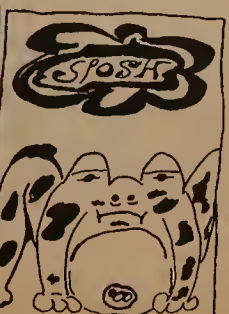
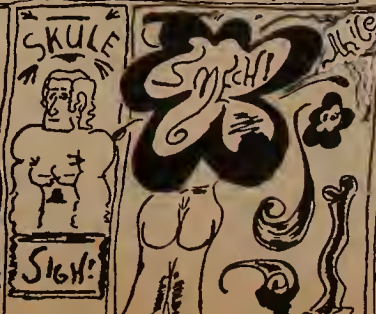
ONCE UPON A TIME A LOVELY PRINCESS, ON A WALK, FOUND A UGLY GREEN FROG.



"KISS ME," HE SAID, "AND I WILL REVERT TO MY TRUE AND HANDSOME SELF."



FONDLY DREAMING OF A HERCULIAN SKULEMAN, THE PRINCESS CONSENTED.



FROM AN ENGINEER IN C.U.S.O.

16 de Diciembre de 1968

When Helen asked me to write this report I didn't have any idea where to start. I guess the best place would be to say a bit about Cooperacion Popular.

Cooperacion Popular is (or rather was) the pet project of Fernando Belaunde Terry, the President of Peru who was ousted in October of this year. As suggested by the name, it is a program depending on the cooperation of the people. Basically it is a technical organization of the government set up in offices across the country, mostly in the sierra, to give technical advice, materials and tools for development projects on a local level.

Most of the projects in our offices are fairly small although we are responsible for the technical direction of one substantial irrigation project and are thinking about the installation of a small hydro-electric plant for Pomabamba. The majority of our work is irrigation canals from 2 to 10 kilometers in length, local roads from 5 to 50 kilometers in length, and heaven only knows how many 3 to 6 room school-houses. The only limits we have

on types of projects is that they be productive (i.e. no churches, etc.) and in our professional and financial limits.

There is now a chance that we will be offering only technical assistance, making the projects almost entirely the effort of the people themselves. This is good since the only real road to economic progress is through self-help where everything comes from the people and they don't learn to depend on gifts from outside their community.

I am working in the Central Basica de Pomabamba of COOP-POP. Pomabamba is in the Department of Ancash and is located at 10,000 feet in a valley between two ranges of the Andes. The road was completed here only two years ago but in spite of its isolation Pomabamba is not exactly primitive. There is running water and a sewage system although both are in bad repair. There was electricity but at present the generator is being fixed and has been in a state of repair for almost a year now.

Being a provincial capital (provinces here are roughly equivalent to countries in Canada) it is a regional centre and

also an educational centre. Over half the town's population of 10,000 are students and there is a higher percentage of professional people than in most sierra towns. They also say there are more Pomabambinos in Lima than in Pomabamba, very indicative of the problem of over-centralization in Peru. Everybody is moving to Lima and the coastal area or at least want to move.

I have been very fortunate in that my job is with a Peruvian organization and my position puts me about as close to a Peruvian engineers' situation as a "gringo" can get. I am assistant to the engineer in charge of the office here and my salary (\$110 a month) is hardly typical of most volunteers, being only a bit less than my boss' and he is married with two children. With the low cost of living (relatively speaking) in the sierra, I am making far more than enough to live on, an unusual situation, I guess, for a "volunteer".

Basing my thoughts on my own experience so far (I have only been here two months) I would have to say it is a crying shame more engineers aren't interested in CUSO and this type of work.

Both for their own sakes and for the sake of the "third world". The professional experience and responsibility offered are a good deal ahead of what an engineering graduate could expect to find in Canada and of course the personal experience in a cross-cultural contact such as this is invaluable. How many engineers in Canada can expect to be put completely in charge of whole construction projects, no matter how small only a few months after graduation?

The prospects for CUSO engineers down here should be very good. Cooperacion Popular, the Ministry of Developments — Roads Branch and a good number of other government departments should be able to use civil engineers (and others) in the many development programs or technical planning boards. We must be careful though as I have the impression that lack of technical personnel is not such a great problem in Peru (although it is a problem of course) and we may be taking work away from Peruvian engineers.

One area in which a volunteer might be needed for is work in the provinces where Peruvian

engineers don't want to go because of the inconveniences. But there again that doesn't help Peru's problem of excessive centralization in Lima where the concentration of professional people is almost appalling. I am not really up on the supply and demand of engineering jobs in Peru but I imagine there should be a real demand for people with engineering experience or even more so people with post-graduate work since there is no post-graduate engineering school in Peru. While specialists could be more in demand, recent undergraduates like myself can contribute quite a bit too. In my own situation I find that perhaps an example of good professional ethics (i.e. good hard work) might well be needed most here. I have been told by the Peruvians themselves that Peruvian engineers are somewhat lacking in conscientiousness and professional ethics and are more interested in filling their pockets than contributing to the development of their country.

Eng: Robert Thomson,
Cooperacion Popular,
Pomabamba, Ancash,
PERU

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Three Copies of A. Hitler's Last Book 'No, He Can't'



Due to extreme laziness on the part of the sports editor, we bring you a wrap-up of the Skule sports of the past month in a nutshell.

HOCKEY: Sr. Eng. won a few games and lost some as well but the scanty-panty reporter isn't sure how many ties there were or why. Jr. Eng. exists, gang. Certainly does (er, do)! III Eng. Geol. has a 0-1-2 record losing by default, by a score larger than theirs, and tying their ties. Next time, right? Aaron Aardvark notched three assists helping his mother into bed but failed to score.

SWIMMING: The swim team, after an excellent showing in the showers drowned in the pool.

WATERPOLO: The waterpolo team drowned in the showers except Letch, and he scored with you-know-who.

VOLLEYBALLS: The volleyball team should have its games and playoffs and other crap over with by the time this rag goes to press, but if I don't see George,

tough shit volleyball scoreboard fans.

BASKETBALL: Coach G. Ross McNaughton says, "Have you heard my latest?" after which he calmly bends over and blasts, and then how's the team G. Ross? Coming along just fine. (always punning, eh G. Ross) Actually, they're not doing too well, but then again, Vic lost a game and we beat Pharmacy somewhere in there.

SQUASH: This year's squash team has been the most successful in years. As a contrast to last year's team that never won a game, this team has only one loss and is currently tied for first place with two other teams, and a playoff spot is well within reach. The team consists of 6 players, 3 veterans and 3 newcomers. However, games are played so that two veterans and one newcomer make up a night's team, thereby giving confidence and experience to the newcomer and ensuring a strong squad to continue the success next year.

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WHY I LIKE CAMPING

I've always said that there's nothing like a good open country hike on a hot afternoon to keep the boys in shape. I always say. The air ain't all that great to breathe, 'specially on hot days. We used to learn so many neat tricks of nature. I tried to remember and compare all the tricks I'd learned with them Boy Scout people to what I was doin' out here now. I 'members sniffin' the air fer diff'rent smells, but now all there is is this stink of rottin' yellow bodies. Had to watch where you was steppin' too, 'specially when you was crossin' a farmer's field. Might be some of them there sharp sticks a-stickin' up from the ground or one of them god-damned trip-wires. One of the boys got his right leg and arm blowed off two days ago 'cause he wasn't careful. Kind of served him right fer not lookin'. Might have been three days ago 'cause I don't remember them things too good 'cause you hear of them things happenin' every day. But it's interestin'. Got a four day leave comin' up next week so I can go in and screw some of them women in town. Outdoors life gets you real horny, man. a man tried jumpin' the mule yesterday and got his balls kicked off. One thing you get a lot of

practice in out here is tracking. Some of the boys can even tell now how many Cong were in a party before them so long as there weren't no more than three of them. I hear they finally started them talks over in gay Paree. I doubt if it'll do any damn good at all, 'though I hope it might. Ain't seen my wife for near a year and a half now. I wonder who's kid she had last year? One of the big things you learn out here is this survival crap that everyone tells you about back home. There ain't nothin' like bein' shot at to learn you how to survive real quick. But when the Day's done, you got time to pitch a tent have a joint, or just a smoke, write a letter, maybe pray a little, think back to how ya' used to rough it as a kid, bitching 'cause it was a bit cold, running out of Raid, and other crap like that. Even sittin' around a fire is something to do, lettin' you know how you burned out and destroyed that goddamn V.C. village, and it was a good feeling when the job was done 'cept Mortin got a blast that blew the side of his head off. Yes sir, settin' up camp let's you know what nature give to me and why I was placed on this earth, and I don't think myself that it was to kill other people.



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